

A Lucas/Spielberg Presentation

FRIENDS  
IN NEED

THE  
LAND  
BEFORE TIME™

A Don Bluth Film





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# THE LAND BEFORE TIME™

A Don Bluth Film

## FRIENDS IN NEED



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A B C D E F G H I J



Littlefoot was a friendly young long-neck who lived with his mother and grandparents in a harsh dry land where food was scarce. Littlefoot's family had to travel day and night just to find enough to eat. He had no friends to play with. For him, that was almost as bad as no food.

Littlefoot's mother told him, "We are following the bright circle in the sky to where it touches the ground, past the great rock that looks like a long-neck and past the mountains that burn. We will reach a place called the Great Valley. There you will have plenty of food to eat and plenty of other long-necks to play with."

Littlefoot hoped that his family would reach the Great Valley soon. But he wanted a friend now, and he didn't care if it wasn't another long-neck.

One day he found a little three-horn named Cera. But as soon as they started to play together, her father appeared and said, "Three-horns never play with long-necks."

Littlefoot expected Cera to say something, but all she did was stick her tongue out at him. He didn't understand.





His mother explained it to him. "We all keep to ourselves," she said. Littlefoot still couldn't understand.

Later he met Cera again. She was laughing and giggling and chasing a big green hopper through a murky swamp. Littlefoot quickly joined in. They soon were having so much fun that they forgot all about their fight.

But suddenly a huge Sharptooth appeared. If Littlefoot's mother hadn't come by just then, it would have been the end of them. She bravely fought the Sharptooth until Littlefoot and Cera could get away to safety.





No sooner had they found a hiding place from Sharptooth than the ground under their feet began to tremble. "It's an earthquake!" screamed Cera.

The ground split apart before their eyes, and huge jets of steam shot up between the cracks. Everything was happening so fast that Littlefoot didn't have time to think. And when the quake was over, his mother, Cera, and even Sharptooth had disappeared.

“Mother, where are you?” he cried.

He found her lying on the ground, gasping for breath. She had been hurt by Sharptooth.

“Dear Littlefoot,” she whispered as she raised her head, “find the Great Valley. Even though I’ve never seen it, in my heart I know it exists. You must go on and find it alone. Listen to your heart. It will show you the way.”

“But Mother,” he cried, “I want you to be with me.”

His mother gazed at him lovingly and said, “I will always be with you in your heart.” Then she lowered her head and was gone.



With tears in his eyes, Littlefoot turned and slowly walked away. His heart told him he needed a friend. So when he saw the little three-horn Cera, he cried out, "Boy, am I glad to see you!"

"What do you want, long-neck?" she asked.

"I'm going to the Great Valley. We could go together. We could help each other."

"A three-horn doesn't need help from a long-neck," she said, stomping off.





Littlefoot was alone again, and even sadder. But soon he came to a small pond, where he met a young big-mouth named Ducky.

“Hello, hello,” she cried. “I am so glad to meet a friend, yep I am.”

Ducky wanted to join Littlefoot on his journey. Cera had confused him so that Littlefoot could not decide whether to act friendly toward Ducky. But he finally said, “You can come with me.”

Ducky happily joined Littlefoot, and soon after, they met a baby flier named Petrie.

“I come, too?” he asked. Littlefoot agreed, and the three of them went on their way, following the bright circle in the sky.





That night they met Cera. She told them that she had run into Sharptooth in the canyon—he was alive! Littlefoot didn't believe her, and he went on worrying about finding the Great Valley.

“No matter what happens, we must stick together,” he said. “That is the only way we all can reach the valley safely.”

Cera shrugged as if it didn't matter to her.

The next day, among some tall dry weeds, Ducky stumbled upon a nest with a lone egg. The egg was snoring!

Ducky tapped the shell and called, "Hello in there. You should come out now, you should." The egg cracked open, and a sleepy-eyed baby spike-tail gazed at her dreamily.

Ducky said to the others, "Can he come with us? I have named him Spike, and he is all alone, too. Yes, he is."





Spike joined the group, and they continued their journey across the lonely land. Everyone except Cera seemed happy to have company.

“Where is this Great Valley, anyhow?” Cera said to Littlefoot. “I just want to find my family. All I care about is being with my own kind.” Deep in her heart Cera knew that wasn’t true anymore, but she wouldn’t admit it.

Secretly Littlefoot also was wondering if they would find the Great Valley. They had traveled so far, and still there was no sign of it.



One night, after another exhausting day of marching over valley and plain, the travelers found a nice hole to sleep in. The next morning they awoke to find that the hole was one of Sharptooth's footprints. And then they saw the monster himself!

Sharptooth saw them, too, and with a terrible roar came pounding after them. Littlefoot saved them by making the monster chase him, and then he squeezed after the others into a small canyon.

But when Littlefoot finally joined them, Cera was angry. "I told you Sharptooth was alive!" she cried. "You almost got us killed, you stupid long-neck!"

Littlefoot felt hurt and upset. It seemed as if Cera would never treat him as just a friend and not as somebody different from her.

But his hurt feelings suddenly gave way to excitement. "Look!" he shouted. "There's a big rock shaped like a long-neck. My mother told me to watch for it. We're going the right way to the Great Valley after all."

For once Cera kept quiet, and the band of travelers went on their way with renewed hope.





The travelers passed through a forest of strange-looking trees and then over a rocky barren plain near the burning mountains. All of a sudden they found themselves trudging through a shower of hot blazing embers.

“Oh,” Petrie whistled. “This like hot rain!”

They finally came through the ash storm into a bleak desert. They were all terribly tired, hungry, and thirsty.

Spike suddenly sniffed the air.

“What is it, Spike? Food?” Cera cried.

“Maybe it’s the Great Valley!” yelled Ducky.

Spike just snorted and ran over a nearby hill. Following close behind, the others reached the far side of the hill and looked down on a green oasis with trees and water. But something was wrong. A bunch of thin gray-noses were guarding the water, and a bunch of fat crown-heads were guarding the trees.



“Can we eat and drink?” asked Cera.

“Only our own kind can eat,” said a crown-head.

“Yes,” said a gray-nose. “And only our kind can drink.”

“Why don’t you share the food and water with each other?” asked Littlefoot.

“No, no, we can’t do that,” said the gray-nose and the crown-head together.

“Gray-noses and crown-heads are different from each other.”

Cera didn’t believe her ears. “Well, then, you will all die,” she said. “Let’s leave and find our own food and water!”





After searching and searching, all they found was a deep rocky crater. Cera's words seemed empty. Cera insisted on following her own path to the Great Valley.

"No!" cried Littlefoot. "We have to stick together or we'll all fail— just like those crown-heads and gray-noses back there."

But Cera was stubborn and said she didn't believe a stupid long-neck and his mother. In anger Littlefoot attacked Cera and they had a terrible fight. When it was over, Cera turned and left. One by one the others went with her, leaving Littlefoot alone.



Cera's path took her, Petrie, Ducky, and Spike into a scary valley full of skeletons and caves and fire-rivers. But Cera stubbornly trudged on, so far ahead of Ducky and Spike that they soon lost sight of her. And she didn't even notice when Petrie fell off her back and into a tar pit.

In the meantime Littlefoot had found the Great Valley. But he decided he couldn't enjoy it knowing that his friends were in danger. He came back just in time to rescue Ducky and Spike, who were trapped by a fire-river.

Then the three of them found Petrie stuck in the tar pit. They almost succeeded in pulling him out of the gooey mess, when they fell in, too.





Cera's path took her to a deep dark cave, where she was surrounded by a bunch of fierce lizard-heads. She bravely fought them off for a while, but now they were closing in.

Suddenly a horrible black monster appeared at the cave entrance. It frightened the lizard-heads away, but it caught Cera.

"Help! Ducky! Spike! Petrie!" she cried.

"Cera, it's us!" she heard the monster say.

Sure enough, it was Littlefoot, Ducky, Spike, and Petrie, stuck together with tar.

Everyone laughed but Cera. She rushed out of the cave, angry and embarrassed because she had shown that she needed her friends.

The others wanted to go after her, but Littlefoot said, "She's angry right now. She needs some time alone to think. She'll realize that, in spite of our differences, we are friends and need each other. Don't worry. We'll meet her again and we'll all get out of this awful place."



The others looked doubtful. But Littlefoot laughed and said, "We can do anything we want to if we stick together. Didn't we save Cera by doing just that?"

The others laughed, too, as a gentle rain started to wash off the tar.

"Come on," cried Littlefoot. "Cera will find us and soon we'll all be in the Great Valley—together . . . forever!"





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